

KU·BISRING-II

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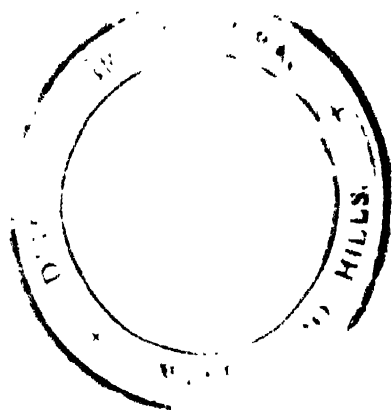
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KU·BISRING-II



Brucellish K. Sangma

KU·BISRING - II

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TALATCHENGANI

Angni poedorangna “Ku-bisring” katta bichongko on-e, anga uko 2003 bilsio nakatataha. Da-o bilsignini ja-mano, “Ku-bisring - II” ko nakatattaienga. Chapa ka-chenggipani nakatani ja-mano, mitamrang namnikpaaniko aro kusi ong-chakpaaniko janapon, anga gisik an-sengaha aro sedapangkuna an-saoataniko man-aha. “Nang-ni mitam poedorangode ma-rapanian dongjade” ingiparangba donga. Ia bon-kamgipa janapani angko gisik nangatbeaha, maina ian angko A-chikrangni ma-rape seaniko namnikbeaniko gisik ra-ataha. A-chikrang chengonin Katta Aganao, Amua Kritao minganirango aro rokomari ring-anirango ma-rapanina mikpakma nia. Poedorangoba ma-rape seaniko nika. Ma-rape seanichi poedona me-sudapaniko on-a. Indiba a-gilsakni bang-a re-gitalanirango gitan, poedo seani bewaloba dingtangani dongjok. Sea-jotani bewal rokom apsan biapo tom-tom dim-dite dongja; bimang dingtangani nakatbaa. Chasong gitalni mitam poedo segiparang ma-rapanina rikja; poedoni bibimna ba ja-pang chanchianinasa mikpakma nia. Anga poedo seon, ma-rapani dongeba ba donggijaba sena namnikaia; seani somoio gisikni re-anio aro katta bichongni kri je rokomkoba jakkalaia. Badiaba poedorangode, apsan poedoon rokomgni bewalkon jakkalbrinaia.

Ku-bisring - II, oba Ku-bisring-o gitan, ming 20 poedorangko on-a. Uarangoni ia ming 7-ko A-chikkuo sechenge an-tangan Englishona pe-skaa; Salsani Raja, Chanchianirang, Nabaa Ka-dongani, San' Jaksi Chikani, Ka-dongsoani, Matchotgija Git aro Me-pilipni Bi-ani. Bangki ming 13-kora, Englisho sechenge, A-chikkuona pe-skaa; A Mother's Prayer, I Know Not The Answer, With Blood Upon Your Hands, Home Call, When Peace Descends, Raindrops, The Winds Whisper, A Red Rose, Death's Icy Hands, Outside The Cage, The Moon, The Mother Hen aro Father Cock. Ia bon-kame janapgipa poedo minggnikode donmitapa gnang ba allegory-ni bimangko ra-e sea.

Maini gimin Englishosa bang-bata poedorangkon sea ine saoba sing-ode, una aganchakani angong dongja. Chanchiani, kattarang aro ritingrang nabaon, gisik aro jak bachi re-anga, ua Ku-sikon anga seaia. A-chikku aro Englisho dongimin poedorangko wengwat wengwat done, Ku-sik minggnio Ki-tap kingsano dontaia. A-chikku

man·gijagiparangba Englisho on·giparagoniko angni chanchiani aro gisikni re·aniko uina man·gen ine anga ia cholko ra·a.

Colombo Plan-ni ning·o angni jagittamna Londonchi re·ango, anga ua chasongo sin·batgipa jako man·eaha. Ba·ra ding·ako brena amsokjachim. Indiba Londono songpanggipa Flora Wa·tre Momin (Ahmed) angna bang·bea dakchakaniko on·aha aroba angko English manderangni nokrangchina aro tom·chimonganirangona rimange angna bang·bata uidape ra·anirangko on·aha. Iarangko anga gualna man·ja. Uni Londono siani ja·mano anga “A Red Rose”-ko sea. Linda N. Sangma baksa, bia angna bilsio chonbatoba, ripeng dake noksul donge, abisa gita, dambemitingo bang·a bilsirangna janggi tangrimaha. Be·en an·sengrongjani gimin saa siarangchi aro agre mande bang·arangchi anga re·jaoba, Lindako grongchotrikna anga uni nokchi re·angaha. Re·bapile anga “Death’s Icy Hands”-ko sea. Mitam poedorangko skangon a·bachengahaoba matchotgija dongiparangko da·o matchotate ia Ki·tapo man·chapatskaenga.

Angni poedorangni katta bichongrangko nie anga an·tangan gisik ka·tong mopila. “Ku·bisring”-o anga an·chingni jakwatgimin aro jakwatangenggipa gunrangona pil·taitaie re·anga; chu·onggijani, maiba matchotgijani, ba dongsiksakani gisik, angoni chel·angna jechaka. Anga uko ma·sie, da·o ja·man poedo seanirangode, gisik katchaani, an·sengani aro gisiko chu·ongnikani giminsa seaignok ine chanchie donachim. Indiba uisrapgijan, gitcam ramaonan re·angpilaiasan ong·aigija, aram simgopa gita, gisik andalbata ramaona ja·reanga. Gisik an·senggijani, ka·donga griani, poedo mingantion napchippana am·aia. Indiba nambata matchota gitrangko A·chik jatba, 2005-ni obostarangko janggilatange, salsade ring·na man·gen ine ka·dongani angko watgalja. Indonga ka·donganiko an·ching sakantian jaktuatna nangja; ka·dongani gruahaode, mande be·en bikaparisa ong·aignok aro janggi tanganio konggranganiko kolgapatna neng·gen.

Anga “Ku·bisring-II”-na Agansoaniko sena sako mol·molgnok ine chanchie dongmitingo, Ma Fridina K. Marakko anga rang·san gisik ra·aha. Ma Marak gisik wa·sabea, sena aganna changan baksana git ring·na, poedo senaba changbea. Uni ia gunrangko gisiko done, anga uni nokchi re·angaha. Sorokoni jal·ang ga·bate re·doangmitingo anga uko palango rengkone dongenggen ine chanchiangengachim. Neng·take dongengnaba donga ine

chanchie, ka·sne okame niaha. Ku·rang wa·sae jagame ku·chakako
knaosa, Oh, name dongenga ine kusi ong·aha. Asongramona
napangoa, Ma Marakni an·tangni segimin git aro poedorangko
sandiengako aro name tarie donengako nikon anga kusi
ong·batsrangaha. Anga Ma Marakna bate dambekaloba, an·tangkon
buchumabate nikaha. Bia ku·sik srange, mikron wa·sae, nachil
knasenge, be·en mangrake dongaienga. Angade til·til tal·tal
neng·gokesa bini nokona sokanga. “Self-discipline”-ni gimin ua
mangrake dongenga ine agane on·a.

Indake gisik wa·sagipa, rongjrie chanchigipa, mingantikon uie-
ma·sie ra·an baksana sakgipinrangnaba agan·skie on·gipa
me·chikmako angni Ku·bisring-II, na Agansoaniko seatna
man·anina anga an·tangko rasong gnangnika. Nang·ni an·saotani
kattarangchi angni poedo ki·tapko mikkim dongatanina anga
nang·ko mittelbea. Mittela, Madam / Mani / Abi Chanangma, Ma
Fridina K. Marak.

Dated, Tura
The 14th November, 2005

Brucellish K. Sangma
(Renangma)

AGANSOANI

Ma Brucellish K. Sangma, an-tangni segimin poedorangko “Ku-bisring” biming done, 2003 bilsio chapa ka-ataha. Da-o pil-taie ua gipin ming 20 poedorangko “Ku-bisring- II” ine katta bichong on-e chapa ka-attaienga. Ia gital poedorangni ja-pang chanchianirang rokomari ong-a. Songsarni obostarangni, toromo ku-monge-melie janggi tangrimani, mande aro ong-telaigipa a-sakni nangrimgrike dongani, A-chik A-songo da-ororo ong-enga obostarang aro uarang gitani gimin chanchianirangko ong-katate aro ong-katatna gita sea. Skanggipa poedo minggnia toromni gita gipin toromni manderangming ma-kae nangrimgrike janggi tangani gimin ong-a. Ruutgijana skang dos gri manderangni sianina kalimpaaniko mesokna, Hindurangni Durga Pujani somoio, olakkianikoson dakari, an-seng-mesaanirangko ia bilsio dakatsranggijania uni gisikko su-dikaha ine ua agana. Una agreba, ruutgijana skangsan A-chik A-songo ong-anggimin obostarang uko adita poedorangko sena didiataha ineba ua agana. Manderangni duk-mikchirang uko dangtapaha aro uarangko poedoni bimango uni ripinge donna skaniko iano nika. Gisik neng-anio Gitelona pil-nipil an-pile ka-dimeaniko am-aniba uni poedorango re-chapa. Je obosta ong-oba, mandena ka-dongani gnang ine ua bebera-aniko mitam poedorango janapa.

Poedorangko A-chikkuo segiparangko Englishona aro Englisho segiparangko A-chikkuona, poedo segipa an-tangan pe-skaa. Saksa sakgipinni gisikko nape nina man-ja, chanchichipe ra-nasa man-aia. Indiba poedo segipa an-tangan ia poedorangko pe-skaani gimin, ua maiko miksongmanchaa, uko uiani gimin, ja-pang chanchianirang apsan ong-e dongaigen, maming galchangani ba ma-sisretani dongjawa. Iana agreba, A-chikku man-pagijagiparangba, Englishona pe-skagiminrangko poraiskana chol ong-a.

Anga gisik ra-ata, Bangladesho Dakgrikani ja-mano, A-chikrang tangka paisani bidingo gisik nangbatbeaha. Indiba sea-jotanirangna gisik on-ani tang-dojaha. Ki-tap aro songbadrangko poraianni aro sea-jotanirangko dakani manderangko inditana kingking gisik nangatna man-jaha. Indiba ia 2005 bilsio A-chik A-songona dal-bea dukni obosta sokbaon, manderang aiao inmanpile, chanchiatangtangko see songbadrangko gatataha. Seatgiparang bang-a gitan, songbad bree poraigiparangba indakpile bariaha,

songbadrangan tikpiljaha. Ian dukoni ong·katgipa namgni mingsa. A·chikrang be·eno gisiko namroro-silrorona skode, jatangni sea-jotanina gisik nangna nanggen. Seanirangko dakjringna nanggen, songbadrangko poraijringna, Televisionko an·seng-mesaanasan ong·aigija, koborrangna aro gisikni uidape ra·anirangna nijringna nanggen. An·ching an·chingni chanchianirangko aro obostarangko an·tangtang separakjaode, sawa an·chingni obostani gimin uigen? Sawa an·chingna simsakgen? Da·o je sena skani bewalko A·chikrang parakaha, iako na·chi mitimataina nangja, seaniko dakangkuaina nanga. Badita sea, inditan sena-jotna changa-sapani baririkrika.

Ma Brucellish K. Sangma (Re·nangma) rokomari bidingrangko ra·e poedorangko seaha aro uni ia kamko anga namnikchongmota. A·chik poedo segiparang bang·srangja, me·chik poedo segiparangde dongsrangja gitan ong·pilaienga. A·chik me·chik ong·e, anga ia poedorango rasong chaa. Uni poedorango mandeskana chanchianiko, jekon an·ching “Human touch” ina, uko nika. Ua name chanchie, name kraa kattarangko jakkale sea. Anga poedorangko poraie uarangko namnikbeaha. Mikkangchiba ua bang·bata seanirangko dake jatna a·songna rasong mikkimko ra·bakuchina.

Dated, Tura,
The 11th November, 2005

Ma Fridina K. Marak
(Chanangma)
Former Member,
Meghalaya Public
Service Commission,
Tura.

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TOM·TOMANI NABAON

Hindu miteni bimangkoa dona maina?
Bimangko nie, ua sing·a.
Angnade uara, Changa-sapani ge·sasa,
Nie kusina aro gisik tom·tomna.
Sing·enggipa bimangara,
Noksik tableo, suk ong·e donga.
Shivani bimango.
Uni donga bewalo, nika nitoako,
Chrokenggipa bimango.
Ninanggija chu·banda bimangko dona maina?
Jaksi ote, me·chik sing·a.
Chu·banda ninanggija bimanga,
Gamchata ro·ongniko sol·gipara,
Gisik-Torom Ma·sisranggipasa.
Nika anga ka·dingna skaniko
Goka sing·anichi nakatatgipako.
Ka·dingenggipa Buddhani mikkango.
Rang·sitgija senga anga,
Minggipin sing·anina,
Indiba nabaja ua.
Noksik tableo dongkua bimang ge·sa,
Mistri-Pagipako, dakchakenggipa Bi·sa.
Bi·sa nia, gipin bimangrangko,
On·a uamangna, ka·san' ka·dingsmitako.
Unikoa Bi·sani jakrang changgipa
Bimang ge·sako, a·bachenga sol·na.
Chrokani bewalo,
Wa·saani mikrono,
Ka·dingna skani un' mikkango.
Mistrini ostro jaksamsao;
Aganchakani gita, bon·atna pilak sing·anirangko.
Unikoa nabaa tom·tomani,
Ganggope, ong·ja ge·gittamko,
Indiba ge·bri bimangrangko.

(2004)

WHEN PEACE DESCENDS

Why the figure of a Hindu deity?
Looking at the figure, asks he.
To me, it's an Art-piece
To enjoy and be at peace.
The figure in question,
Sits cosy on a corner table.
In the figure of Shiva,
I see the beauty, in the pose
Of the dancing figure.
Why that ugly stumpy figure?
Pointing a finger, she asks.
The stumpy ugly figure,
Wrought in alabaster,
Is of the Enlightened One.
I see amusement
In the face of Laughing Buddha,
Brought on by the silly question.
I bate my breath, and wait,
For the next question,
But it never comes.
The corner table, holds one more figure,
Of a Boy helping His carpenter-father.
The Boy looks at the other figures
And on them, bestows a benign smile.
Then the Boy's artistic hands
Begin to chisel a figure,
In a dancing pose,
With intense eyes,
An amused look on his face,
A carpenter's tool in one hand,
As an answer, all questions to end.
Then peace descends,
Enveloping not three
But four figures.

(2004)

MA·ANI BI·ANI

Kanta rengtenge ma·a bi·a,
Pattiani am·a detangna.
Bi·sa tua il·engja,
Kantan' gam·a, ua knaja.
Ma·a nika saknaako,
Detangni mikrono,
Jottona sandina, un' ja·pangko,
Un' ning·o saani a·selko.
Ma·ani mikkang dingtangbaa,
Dragipa dabigipaona.
Am·a naljokani
U'mangni dukoni;
Sol·gimin isoloni
Dabia aiao inmanani.
Un' dabichaana,
Sol·gimin mite aganchaka,
Ong·gen aiao inmanani
Chel·ao nang nikaoni.

Tanggipa Isol ku·rachaka,
Salgin' kelkirangko ona,
A·sakko gapatna
Un' pattiarang.
An·ching bi·a janggina,
Saa·sitengtoaoni jokna.
Cha·asiako komiatna, an·ching bi·a,
Silroroaniko ra·bachinaba.
Mittela, Gitel, nang' pattiana.
Indiba Gitel, bang·batatpabo,
Tom·tomaniko, Bringija Tom·tomaniko.

(2003

A MOTHER'S PRAYER

Bells ring, a mother prays,
Prays for blessings, for her child.
The child lies stock-still
Not hearing the temple bells.
The mother sees the pain
In the eyes of her child
Tries to gauge the cause
Of his inner throes.
Her face undergoes change,
Becomes a demanding one.
Asking for relief
From his and her grief.
From a stone-god
She demands a miracle.
At her insistence,
The stone-god replies,
A miracle will occur,
Far from your gaze.

The Living God promises
To open the windows of Heaven
And flood this world
With His blessings.
We pray for life,
To ease pain and sufferings.
To alleviate poverty, we pray,
Also to bring in prosperity.
Lord, thank you for Your Bounty.
But Dear Lord, let most of it be,
For Peace, Peace undiluted.

(2003)

UIJA AGANCHAKANIKO

Ua me-a bi-sara bachijok
Nagrak dakgipa, kal-ani gitachak ra-bitgipa,
Sa-gre gita ka-dingsmitgipa?
Anga jripaia,
Maina aganchakaniko uija anga.
Ua gisik seng-gipa me-trara,
Mikron nia wa-sagipa,
Aro paroa gita sontolgipa?
Angkode sing-panabe,
Dongja aganchakani angode.
Aro ua be-en ma-kae changrogipa pante.
Janggi tanggipa, wa-sae an-saoe.
Uara re-angjok bachi?
Be-gimin record gita anga aganchaka;
Aganchakaniko angade uija.
Aganchakanirangko am-enga angaba,
An-tangni sing-anirangna.
Bachi kakket bichalara?
Re-angjok bachi kakket ong-aniara?
An-chingara gualjok maina
Ge-etanirang Mingchikkingko?
Gimaani gisik jrimgipa,
Jechaka angko watna.
Jajaa janggin' ka-namjaana,
An-tang apnikgijana.
Rim-ama anga andalao
Am-rame Aganchakanirangko.

(October,2005)

I KNOW NOT THE ANSWER

Where is that little boy
With impish looks, and a red toy?
And with the smile of an angel?
I keep mum,
For I know not the answer.
And where is that bright lass
The one with dancing eyes
And the airs of a dove?
Ask me not,
For I don't have the answer.
And that strapping young man,
Full of life and vigour,
Where has he gone?
Like a broken record, I say;
I know not the answer.
For questions of my own.
Where is justice?
Where has integrity gone?
Why have we forgotten
The Commandments Ten?
The profound sense of loss
Refuses to leave me.
Bewildered at life's cruelty
At my own helplessness,
I still grope in the dark,
Looking for answers.

(October,2005)

CHANCHIANIRANG

Chanchianirang donga, bidual ma·ate,
A·damtang sandia, bidingna krae.
Kotaning ra·chaka, pilakkon tom·soe,
Bisringanti nokchaka, kamtang ma·sie.
Chanchianiranga donga, basakobade,
Bisring ma·atgija, remreme sakmrene,
Basakoba stitgrika, ma·atgija tom·kae,
Sko ki·me uigija, bidil bengsie.
Chanchiani chasronga, bidual dingtalode,
Dongja jajaani, bisring srangode.
Chanchia ma·kaa, kimkim pangkambate,
Man·aia enggruna, tom·kaode name.
Namgijako ra·gala, galata chel·srange,
Namakode ripinga, rim·kingkote.

(2004)

THOUGHTS

Thoughts exist, in individual strands,
Each looks for its place ordained.
The brain accepts all, rejecting none,
Each strand is welcomed, for its special role.
Thoughts exist sometimes,
All twisted, wrapped and rolled up.
Sometimes inseparable, wound compact,
With no head or tail, all entangled.
Some strands stand out, each by itself,
There's no confusion, each being clear.
Thoughts though solid and firmly grounded,
Easily loosened, if properly bundled.
Bad ones removed, flung completely,
Good ones are preserved, clasped tightly.

(2004 ,

NANG' JAK AN-CHIARI

Kal·ram Bakrako re·pakon,
Na·a an·tesreng dakgen,
Nang' be·en mogen, on·tisa balwao
Ma·ama, chrika gapgipao.
Ka·sike grapani, ka·spoe grapani,
Ong·katgipa, ning·tua matarangoni.
An·chi pakgimin chiringan sakki,
Nang ka·saninggija ka·tongni.
Na·a dondike nichaogen,
Nang' mikkangni a·brirangchi,
Katgipa bimangrangko nikjawa na·a
Ku·ranga batpakgipa balwanisa.
Da·ontalan, sintian ku·rangrang,
Nang·ko ja·riktelgen uarang.
Nikgualjawa na·a, jechiba an·pilbo,
Jagringrang chrokako, nang' mikkango.
Atchigipa bimangrang, duk mikchio,
Batatgen nang' saknaanirangko.

Nang' uiani gisika, dongachim bano,
Bi·san' simteka grianiko sikkimmitmitingo?
Balwarang sing·a; Na·a rim·gekgaljama
Nang' jongni katchae ka·dingako?
Na·a uia, nang' ka·namgija kamna,
Dabigen, man·gniko, So·otani Bakra.
Na·a chotpilgen, mikgil sikkijachi,
Gisik tom·tomaniko gimaatanichi.
Me·mangan gapgipa jumangrang
Chansokgija kotoko, nang·na senga u·rang.
Jumangrang rong gitchaka,
Gisik ra·atna nang' an·chi paka.

Nikgen na·a an·chiko
Chola gitchakao,
Ka·dingsmitgipa me·a bi·sani
Bi·na re·enggipani.
An·chiko nikgen,
Nang' ringnasienggipa chuo.
An·chiko nikgen,
Nitoa golap gitchako.
Unon na·a gisik ra·bo, ua Bakrako
Nang' an·chiari donbagipako.
Uno donggipa samsi dinganti
Chanchigija ga·kningbagipa nang·ni,
Jringjrotna dak donggimin an·chini
Aro ma·an' mikchirangni.

Mikchi tottakprakan, an·chi tingtotprakan
Chrik·a·bokdogen, salgirangchina,
Salgin' kimpretaο, ia kattarangko knagen na·a,
"Jakbikpilani Mite, angan."
Unon Ku·rang Ka·sina aganpagen.
"Jakbikpila angnin".
Jagringrangni kotokrangba
Inchrogen, pilak a·song chiga.
"Sasonna, skiprakna, ong·ama kraani,
Ong·engon nang' jak an·chiari".

(30th September, 2005

WITH BLOOD UPON YOUR HANDS

As you pass by the Field
The eeriness you will feel,
You shiver at the slightest breeze,
Laden with moans and shrieks.
Muffled cries, gurgling sounds,
That come from gaping wounds.
The reddened stream bears witness
To your heartlessness.
You will pause and look,
Up the hillocks before you,
But no fleeing forms you'll see,
The sounds are echoes from passing winds.
From now onwards, sounds of sorrow,
All your steps, sure to follow.
Wherever you turn, you'll not fail to see
Shadows dancing before your eyes;
Images born of tragedy,
Adding to your misery.

Where was your conscience
While snuffing out a child's innocence?
The winds ask, Didn't you smother
Your brother's sparkling laughter?
You know, for your inhuman act
The Killing Field, its due will exact.
You'll pay with loss of peace,
With nights that know no sleep.
Dreams filled with ghosts
Await you in countless hosts,
Dreams tinted scarlet
To remind you of bloodshed.

You will see blood
In the redness of a garb
Of a smiling lad
On way to pray.
You will see blood in the drink
That you are about to sip.
Blood you will see
In the red rose pretty.
Then remember the Field
That you left soaked with blood.
Every blade of grass there
That you trampled without a care
With blood marked for ever
And the tears of a mother.

Each drop of tear, each drop of blood
Will shriek to high heavens.
In heavens' thunder, you'll hear the words,
"I'm your Nemesis".
Then the Still Small Voice will rejoin,
"Vengeance is mine".
The chorus from the shadows
Will shout over the lands,
"Should you rule, should you preach,
With blood upon your hands".

(30th September, 2005)

BALWARANG KU-MISIA

Hai ripeng ong-na, balwarang ku-misia,
Balwan', manden', donnuaniko parakgrikna.
Nang' a-gilsakni gimin, aganbo chingna,
Ching nikgimin biaprang, talatgen nang-na.
Oprakgen nang-na donnugiminrangko,
Bolrangni kosakona baldomano,
Balwarang, aramrang, bangbang
Aro chingni balsusaanirang.
Mesokgen maikai mikka bitchil sata,
So-oma aramrangoniko, chingko balatangna.
Rimanggen nang-ko chinga bakrarangona,
Jeon mikka bitchi, a-sal on-a bitchilna
Manchokna, balgaona, manden' janggina.
Aro a-sakni majoaoniko rakkina.
Indiba ka-sne, anga ku-misichaka,
Nang' agangipa chuana, angade kena.
Kena ga-akonna, bimang gri bangbangoni
Aro bidam donggija aramrangoni.
A-a mangrakao chadengna, anga namnikbata,
Jeon man-a bibalrang nitoa:
Aramrang, bangbang, u' rangni golpo,
Donnuani ong-e, dongkuchina on-bo.
Indiba nika, Gitelni Jakko,
Bosturango, ong-a obosta mingantio.
Mikka bitchil, bibal aro bidik u'rangni
Mesoka Isolni, bil changa-sapani.
Anga senggen, chu-ongnikbee,
Obostarango parakaonade.
Ang' kosako, balwarang dondika,
Chingaba ku-chakpaa, u' rang ku-misia.

(2003)

THE WINDS WHISPER

Let's be friends, the winds whisper,
Secrets of winds and men, let's share.
All about your world, us you tell,
And the places we visit, you we tell.
We'll open up the mysteries.
Once we are above the trees,
Of winds, clouds and spaces
And how we run the races.
We'll show you how rain-seeds are sown
From fluffy clouds, for us to be borne.
We'll take you to the fields.
Where raindrops feed the seedlings.
To bud and bloom for men's souls,
And to keep them from earthly falls.
But softly, I whisper back
Of the heights you speak of, I'm scared.
Afraid to fall from formless space.
From clouds shorn of substance.
I prefer to remain on solid ground.
Where pretty flowers are found.
Clouds, spaces and their story,
Let them for now be a mystery.
But I see the Divine Hand
In things, in every occurrence.
Rain seeds, flowers and their source,
Are manifests of God's creative force.
I'll wait fully satisfied
Till things are demystified.
The winds pause, up above me,
And whisper, yes, we all agree.

2003)

GOLAP GITCHAK Balsa

Nidoa bon·chote
Re·chakatna skang,
Niktaina ka·donge
Changsamangmang.
Kelkichi dongduule,
Noksa ma·ate,
Me·chikman' mikkang
Sko kni bokmrang.
Nikata rongtale
Gadang gittam kosako,
Chriknara chubea
Indiba a·boka ua.
Ang' biming balonbaa
Balkasino balboe
Maiba gitchak re·chapbaa
Grangrang badale.
Ka·sine, ka·sinbee
Ua tang·onbaa.
Bijakrang ripripe
Ga·aka pe·na gita.
Mikchirang togie angko
Rim·na man·ja golapko.
Soroko ua ga·aka
Donggija maming ong·sia.
Golap gitchakko koldoe
Ang' ka·bako rim·kapa;
Unikoa rang·spee
Anga an·pilanga.

Golap gitchak dongjajok
Kolgrik bilsichi chel·ata;
Me·chiknaba bon·angjok
Uko galongipaba.
Tango ka·saa,

Sio jaksrama,
On·angja man·dikani
Donanga gisik ra·ani.
Tom·tomani, ka·dimeani
Ka·donga gri ka·tongna.
Dakgipa Rugipachi pil·angjok
Man·na tom·tomani jringjrotna.
Ka·sari ku·rang ku·tipjok,
Gitelnasan donaijok.
Golap gitckakko rim·mankua
Chu·gimik rasongo, gitaljringa.

Mandetangrangona pil·baa,
Bakos chonbeao,
Jakkepsa tappra
Janggi silchi gimagija.
Nika un' rongchinga mikkangko,
Ong·ja gadang gittamo,
Indiba chubatao, chubatbeao,
Uko Dakgipan' ka·bako.
Ang' ka·tong suaka
Ong·jajok arara,
Maina da·o chipe ra·a,
Golap gitckak balsa.

(13th May,2003)

A RED ROSE

One last up-glance
Before I depart,
Hoping to see her
One last time.
Framed in the window
Picture-perfect,
The gentle woman's face
The silvery head.
Clearly visible
Three floors above,
Too far to shout
Yet calls she.
My name drifts down
Floating in the breeze.
Along comes a flash of red
Wings all spread.
Slowly, ever so slowly,
On its downward journey,
Leaves afluttering
As if to break its fall.
Tears betraying me
I fail to catch the rose;
It falls on the pavement
With no visible damage.
Picking up the red rose
I press it to my heart;
Then with a sigh
I turn away.

Now the red rose is gone
Distanced by two decades;
Gone too is the woman
Who threw it down.
Gracious in life
Generous in death,
Left no hassles
Only sweet memories.
Source of peace and solace
To a heart in despair;

Now gone to her Maker
To be at peace for ever.
Silenced is the loving voice
Now reserved only for the Lord.
I still feel the red rose
Fresh as ever, in all its glory.

She returned to her people
In a tiny casket,
A handful of ashes,
But her soul intact.
I see her radiant face
Not three floors above me,
But higher, much higher
In the bosom of her Maker.
My heart feels full
No longer empty;
For now it holds within
A red, red rose.

(13th May, 2003)

OKAMA NOKTANGONA

Ku·rangrang rokomari
Okama angko chibolona
Kimonga chirangona.
U' rang agana ringchina groksa
Chi·ana bija bitchi gita.
Ringjaode, sigenna anga.
Tottaksa ku·chilo dona,
Sianiko chel·atna.
Indiba, maironga tottak
Ang' gitok kamkua
Rang·sokgija dakkua.
Nibo, ua tottaksaan
Angko su·sranggala.
Mikron, nachil oa,
Kakket ku·rang okamana.
Naljoke ku·chakna man·gnok
Jekjakan bijangchio
Noktangona Okamo.
Anga katchaa
Ku·rangrang angko tarisoana.
Bon·kame Okamaona.

(2004)

HOME CALL

Myriad voices
Call me to the pools
Of murky waters.
The voices ask me to have a sip
Which they say is nectar-sweet,
Or else I die.
I put a drop on my lips
Wishing the angel of death away.
But oh, what a drop !
It still burns my throat,
Choking me.
But lo, that one drop,
Cleansed me,
Opened my eyes and ears
To the call of the right voices.
I can safely home in now,
In the midst of cacophony,
To the Home call.
I'm glad the voices took over
To ready me
For the Final Home Call.

(2004)

MIKKA BITCHIRANG

Namnikbea anga, Mikka bitchirango,
De-mesaa u' rang, bitchil tusiako.
Taria Ong·telan' cha·ani tangsekko,
Kaprangrang, bijakrang, u'rang su·sranga.
On·a rong aro similani jumangna,
Gamgipan' gisik man·a de·chaona,
Be·gimin ka·tongrang taripila,
Ka·satang ekanga nangrimpila.
 Indiba pilakna bate,
 Namnika mikka bitchirango,
 Donnuana ang' mikchirango.

(2002)

RAINDROPS

I like raindrops.
They wake up dormant seeds,
Prepare Nature's green feeds.
Petals and leaves they preen.
Of colours and scents to dream.
Farmers' spirits are lifted
Broken hearts are mended
Straying lovers are united.
But most of all,
I like raindrops,
'Cause they hide my tears.

2002

SALSANI RAJA

Stika mukut
Jakbita gol·dik;
Ruprup gane
Singhason gale.
Ong·ja mukut
Gaora de·na;
Ong·ja gol·dik
Betsmit dakna.
Chubatao asonge
An·tangko pinikna,
Jawana batkale
Bil jak mesokna.
Gadang mukutde
Gol·dik ra·ade,
Chinsa rajani
Ning·oni gunni;
Uni bilakani
Ka·sae dakani
Chin jaksramani
Tangkana mikbokgijani.
Tangkako agana
Ja·dil namgijani;
Salsani rajana
Uasa mikbokani.
Man·ani cholgrini
Bilsina gamani;
Rajani dabiani
Salsa sasonari.
Salsani raja
A·sak gamara,
Dikdikni rasongsa
Uchide choliya.
Bimingtang pala,
Mikkimtang ra·ona.
Kusiko brena
Janggitang botna.
Salo bon·kaman'
Donsoa biapo,
Guala pilakan
Salsani rajako.

(October,2005)

KING FOR A DAY

A crown on his head
A sceptre in his hand,
Garbed in fineries
Surrendering his throne.
A crown is not
An item for pride.
Neither the sceptre
A beating stick.
Sitting on high chair
Showing oneself off.
Thinks himself better
In brain and might.
The crown on the head,
The sceptre in hand,
The sign of royalty,
Of virtue inner.
His power and might
And his kindness
Mark of generosity
Absence of greed.
Money is said to be
Root of all evils.
For the king of a day
That's all in all.
The wages of the needy,
Of a year's toil
The royal demand
For a day's moil.
King for a day,
The earthly treasure
An instant glory
Of no use There.
Trading own name
Down-sizing prestige,
To buy happiness
Bartering his soul.
In the Appointed Place,
On the Final Day
Every one forgets
The King for a Day.

(October,2005)

NABAA KA-DONGANI

Ang' re-bachengo
Knaa' brichiniko,
Ku-rang huroni
Do-rangni mikoani.
Salanti, pringanti,
Nidoa a-brichi,
Mikronrang angni,
Nachil de-kranga
Do-o mat ku-rangna.
Gnigipa re-bao
Jripmittip samtango,
Dongja hohoa huro
Mikoja knatoe do-o.
Jripjrang buringo,
Aro chi-indikbatao.
Bachi katjok uarang,
Gisik ka-srokatgiparang?
Bachijok uarang?
Saoba ku-misijok,
Hojom ka-tokjok.
Bangkia namnikjae uko,
Buring porongrongako
A-song wate katangjok,
Chiga janggilatangjok.
Huroni mikoa;
Do-ni git knatoa
Gimangjok gam-a griiona.
Gittamgipa re-bao
Mikojok mangsa huro
Jinma mikochakjok uno
Salaram a-brio.
Do-drang ring-pajok sulko
Gam-bikpile, gam-bikpiltaie.
A-bri gam-chakpajok.
Unon kongrua janggina,
Ka-dongani pil-e nabaa.

(2002)

HOPE RETURNS

On my first visit,
Filled are the hills
With hullock-cries
And sweet birdsongs.
Every morning
My eyes turn
To the hillock,
Ears trained
On jungle sounds.
On the second visit.
Eerie stillness, all around.
No hoo-roos from hillocks
No dulcet birdsongs.
Just silence,
And more silence.
Where have they fled
The inspirational sounds?
Where have they gone?
Someone whispered,
All digested.
The rest, disenchanted
With forests divested,
Left their habitat,
On homeland, turned their back.
The hullock-cries,
The birdsongs,
Have retreated to no-sound zone.
On my third visit,
A tentative hullock-cry,
Soon joined by others,
From eastern hillock.
Birds take up the strain
Echoing, re-echoing.
The hillock resounds,
And to the bankrupt souls,
Hope returns.

(2002)

SIAN' CHIKOKJRM JAKRANG

Bon·chote nika uko, tangmitingo.
So·opa palang chuao.
Be·en ram·a, ba·rao nangkapa,
Bimang sitengtoenggipa.
Mikkang an·chi grie,
Siana tarisamsoe.

Sian' chikokjrim dangtapa
Uko bimang dakgitalna,
Kraatna nambata biapna,
Bohari rimangna.
Uija, Siani changa dakgitalna,
Sakkijok, ong·a dakgitalgipa.

Tusia gipin palang
Pindapa ba·ra marang,
Bi·san' mikkang, bi·san an·gilo
Da·osan be·en sikrepao.
Tom·tomani, sintia griani,
Su·dapa mikkango uni.

Mikchipa jringjrotna tue,
Ka·bena gipinko donange.
Ka·dingsmita, bokdela ku·chilo,
Rugitaljok, un' bimangko.
Pingopa simteka griachi,
A·sakgijan' nitoachi.

Namchik gita tarijok,
Bibalchi nitoatjok,
Salgin' Noktangona,
Un' rimchaksoaona.

(October,2005)

DEATH'S ICY HANDS

I saw her alive one last time
On a high spring bed,
Into the sheets almost melting
Body pain-wrecked, all shrunken.
Face drained of blood,
In readiness for death.

Then Death laid its icy hands
To sculpture her anew,
Fit for better lands
And a bride to be.
Never knew Death as a creator,
But a creator it proved to be.

She lay on another bed
With shroud covered,
A baby face, and baby skin,
Where wrinkles have just been,
Now peace and calmness
Stamped over her visage.

Eyes closed in eternal sleep,
Leaving all for her to weep,
A faint smile, on the lips pale
Her face now rechristened.
Suffused with purity,
With unearthly beauty.

Readied as a bride
With flowers bedecked,
For her home in heaven
To be received by Him.

(October,2005)

JAJONG

Namnikja, Mite Diana,
Ding·a, a·dimu, sel·tagija;
Gam·ani aro mande jinma
Un' an·chiko tin·kaata,
Ka·reka ua manggisina.
Uni giminsa Diana,
Ong·kata walosa.

Manden' bilgria, un' gualarang,
Sal teng·ani parakgiparang
U'ming roja damsan,
Kata u'rang, un' re·bana skang.
Diana senga, chakchike walana,
Maina wal pingopani on·a
Salni donnuanirangna.

Dongnua ua Appolon' mittino.
Katchaa ua, un' jagringo.
Unikoa senga ja·rikna
Nom·kujana manden' mikgil
Tusina, ning·o ganjan' bil.
Unikoa wata, teng·an' ja·dilrangko
An·saoatna jumangrangko.

Sal wa·sajahaon
Peng·ani salkipahaon,
A·kawe a·brirang kosako
Diana gapatskaa, un' biapko,
Batsote a·kongdaprangko.
Dondika balwarangba
Kal·rimna un' baksa.

Jajong pindapa a-sakko
Un' rinokbal teng-ao,
Mikbrapa gri, ua malmoka
Mande ka-tong parakchina,
Ka-sagrikgipa ka-oksiako chilna.
Ka-tongo dona, Diana noksiksa
Re-branggipa chamerangna.

On-bo una kal-grikangkuchina
Munin' jumangko sringangkuchina.
Gisik cha-brange, dakmike rona,
Man-aia mande, un' jumangosa,
Duk jajrengaoni, joke katna.
Neng-takani un' bil nalsao,
Man-ja uko, mikrakan' somoio.

Diana ring-china, kal-grikkuchina,
Namnika bewalo, un' ska gita.
Un' bon-kama dikdikrang, re-atkuchina.
Pringprang okamon Apolloko,
Somoi ong-gen, re-angpilna uno.
Indiba Diana pil-angpilon,
Jumangrang bon-gen unon.

2003)

THE MOON

Goddess Diana, does abhor
Heat, dust and squalor.
The noise and the crowd
Curdle her blood;
She pukes at corpses.
That's the reason, she
Emerges at night only.

Frailties, foibles of men,
The blazing sun, that exposes them,
Thrive not in her company;
They vanish at her advent.
Patiently, Diana waits for the night.
For the night-time wraps,
The day's secrets.

She hides behind Apollo
Happy in his shadow;
And waits to follow,
Till men's eyes droop
With opiumed sleep,
Then she sends her beams
To lit up men's dreams.

When sunlight pales
Pulling the veils,
Over dales and hills,
It's place she fills
Crossing her rills.
Then winds stop midway
To join Diana in her play.

She suffuses the earth
With her velvety light
Soothing, sans glare
For people, their souls to bare,
For lovers, their longing to bear.
In her heart, lie soft corners
For the straying lovers.

Let Diana play her games
And weave magical dreams.
Men playing out fantasy
Can have dreams only,
A way out of their misery.
Rest and repose, beyond their power,
In their waking hour.

Let Diana sing and play
In her own sweet way,
Her last moments, to while away.
When Aurora beckons to Apollo,
'Twill be time for her to go.
Alas, when Diana leaves,
Dreams will cease.

2003)

SAN' JAKSI CHIKANI?

Mai chin nambatani?
Bilsu sotbonga jakgitelani?
Gisik arara,
Ka-tonga konggranga.
Badia nambata.
Jakgitelani nokkolao?
Nokkolani jakgitelao?
Mande jokkuja,
Nokkolani Nokkolao.
Gisik ka-tong kachipa,
Gri taning aruwea.
Pattoksa sreaia,
Bimingsa dingtangaia,
Iana: San' jaksi chikani?

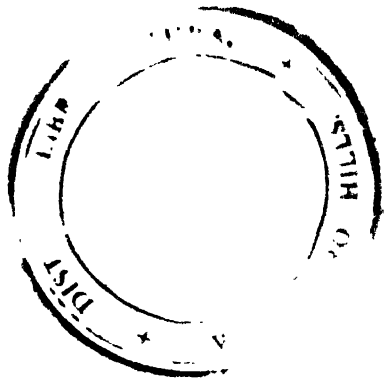
(2005

WHOSE SHAME?

Where's the sign of progress,
To show for half-century's freedom?
Minds blank,
Hearts empty.
Which is better,
Freedom in slavery?
Slavery in freedom?
Man hasn't left behind
Slavery in slavery.
Minds, hearts imprisoned
Brains unirrigated.
Prisons remain the same,
Changed only in name.
Whose shame is it?

1996 12

2005)



KA-DONGSOANI

Gun rokomanti
Gamchatani ma·manti,
Mingsa uarangoni,
Kimkim ka-dongsoani.
Siksokgija miksongani
Gun ong·a pattiani,
Ka-dongsoa grio
Rim·ama andalao.
Dongnua mitmatao
Nikja re·mikkango;
Olgrokon bebera·ani
Jakwaton kakketani,
Kakket bichal ma·branga,
Bikpilon ka-donga.
Be·gropon ka-dongsoani
Chagronge re·mikkang chanchiani.
Nakata ka·gramani,
Chel·ata chong·motani.
Miksongsalon ka-dongsoani,
Pil·ata dukko katchaani.

(2002)

HOPE

Values myriad
Of varying standard,
One of such many
Is that of firm hope.
Hope unshaken
A virtue- a blessing.
In the absence of hope,
In the dark we grope,
Path hidden in grey mist,
Clouding the way ahead.
When faith gets shaken
Integrity forsaken,
Justice cartwheels,
In reverse order.
When hope collapses
Faced with new ideas,
Despair sets in
Distancing truth.
But when Hope comes to focus,
It changes grief to joy.

(2002)

KACHAN' A-PALO

Angade namnikja,
Chipchanga dun aro do-ga.
A-selko sing-nabe angko.
Biap nanga, champenga gri,
Jeon man-a tom-toma rang-sitani.
Balsri balwa, ang' mikkango.
Gisik jakgitele roramna
Kachan' a-palo, ong-na ska anga.
Anga neng-a, neng-nika tangna,
Ua salko man-na ska
Damdilrang jeon gri,
Jaktangnina agre.
Saknaaniko gimaatna
Janggi tangan' ong-siaoni jokna
Angna nanga, biap apjokako
Be-en kachani a-palo.
Ang' janggi jakgitelon
Kabingenggi-parangoni,
Ba-ra marang gale
Ong-gen an-tangari.
Donbo, chijima a-n' ka-bako
Balwa, bibal similgipao.
Rang-sisokjawa angade,
Bolni bakosode.

Gisimko namnikja, rang-sokatja,
Rinokbal gisim, angnade nangja.
Indiba donnabe saksan,
Kena anga andalanan,
Me-mang aro kimpretanan.
Na-mang' sepango donbo, ka-sarang.
Kenpilitaia kachan' a-palnaba,
Uan ang' bi-ani ong-genoba.

(2004)

OUTSIDE THE CAGE

Averse, I've always been,
To closed doors and rooms.
Don't ask me why.
Space I need, with no restriction.
Where I can breathe in ease.
Fresh air on my face,
My spirits to roam free
Outside this cage, I want to be.

I grow weary, weary of life
And long for the day
Where no walls I see
'Cept those of my making.
To rid of increasing pain
To escape ugliness of life.
I need space, space that is fresh
Outside the cage of flesh.

When my soul will be free
Of the restraining ties,
Throwing off cerements
Then I'll myself be.
Place me under rain-soaked earth
That smells of breeze and flower.
The casket wooden,
My breath, will strangle.

I hate black, it stifles me,
The black satin, it's not for me.
But don't leave me alone
I'm scared of darkness,
Of ghosts and of thunder.
Keep me near you, my loved ones.
I'm scared to be outside this cage.
Though that is what I pray for.

(2004)

ME-PILIPNI BI-ANI

Bila balantiona
Man·arok ine pul bitchi,
Nitoa, simila, rongrara,
Indiba ran·kreka, bitchian gri.
Bila balgipinona
Opna bitchi bismakari,
Inaia, Angode dongja,
Bilangbo gipinchi.
Biljengjenge nia
Gipin pangrangona;
Nikeaia uchiba,
Ugita ka·oksigipa.
Ba·on bon·chota bibalo
Mikpindape tol·mika rongchi;
Bitchide indiba bao
Tol·napjok un' similachi.
Biltaina ua neng·bejok
Neng·takna nangtelaigok;
Bilchakatnan man·jajok,
Unon ba·ari dongaijok.
Nijok bitchi griko ope,
Bismak donggijako jipe,
Bitchini pal chiari
Bismakni biapo dimuari.
Me·pilip neng·bejok da·o
Dongjaha bil uo.
Ka·sinjrim chiring hiwa,
Man·gen chikode ringna.
Ringsike tuaton samsio
Chopjolanga grangrang uno.

Mikronrang dimelanga
Be-en til·tilanga.
On·bo una neng·takna
Nangjawa rikna bitchina.
Tukanjok aman' ka·bako,
Ringsola samsi tangseko.
Pringni sal teng·chako
Ga·akon un' grangrango,
Ching·chete rikrakchina,
Un' nitoako gisik ra·china.
Nikgen ua chi ka·sin
Sam·bol tangsekgrim;
Man·gen bibal bitchiari,
Okkagen unon un' janggi.

(2003)

THE BUTTERFLY'S PRAYER

Flying to every bloom
In hope of nectar;
All pretty, scented, full of colour,
But bereft of nectar.
Flying to another bloom
To sip pollen-filled nectar,
Gets the reply, I have none,
Go to another bloom.
She flies
To other flowers;
There she finds
Hungry butterflies.
Sitting on the last bloom
Deceived by its colour;
But where is the nectar?
Taken in by its scent.
Too tired to fly again
She is forced to take rest.
Too weak to fly again
It remains sitting there.
Tries the nectarless flower,
Fanning the pollenless one,
Gets water in place of nectar
Dust in lieu of pollen.
Extremely tired now,
With no strength left.
The rill of cool waters beyond,
To quench her thirst.
Lying on the grass after the sip,
Her wings begin to fold up;

The eyes start to dim
The body ashiver.

Let her take rest
No more search for nectar;
Let her sleep on mother earth,
On the grass fresh-sprout.
When the morning light
Falls on her wings,
Let them shine and glitter
To show off her beauty.
She'll find the cool waters
Green leaves and trees,
Will get flowers, nectar full
That will quench its soul.

(2003

MATCHOTGIJA GIT

Maikoba man·kuja
Dongkua chu·sokgijani
Chanchia biritchu gri,
Podrang tong·kandi.
 Nabaa gisiko
 Tarigija sulo.
Katta re·a apsanja,
Riting dona tikja,
Bichong rekrakaia
Gisik sinteaia.
 Gisik ka·tong konggrang
 Kolgapja bangbang.
Gisik ka·suanga
Naja parake
Ka·tong simbraa
Ong·katja nikpile.
 Donga ning·in ning·in
 Tina bitin bitin.
Indonga neng·ani
Gisik dongsiksakani,
Chu·soka griani
Ong·ja dikdiksani.
 Git bon·chongdika,
 Donga ruutana.
Man·ode namatgenchim
Ja·pangko uiode;
Chu·gimik dakgenchim,
Bidik nikode.
 Balbogipa sulni
 Ang' simbraa ka·tongni.

(2005)

AN INCOMPLETE SONG

Something outside the grasp,
Remaining incomplete;
The thought chainless
Lyrics unfinished,
 Comes to my mind,
 In unpolished tunes.
Rhythm still uneven,
Fails to fall in line;
Title half-decided,
Of heart's yearning.
 Emptiness in the heart,
 Bereft of fulfilment.
The pain in the heart,
Fails to come to the open;
The intense longing,
Not manifesting itself.
 It remains within,
 In small chunks eroding.
Such weariness.
Also restlessness,
Lacking completeness,
Is not just fleeting.
 The song's broken strain,
 Lasts for ages.
Could have remedied.
If reason is known;
Could have completed,
If broken strain identified.
 The strain of floating tune
 Of the yearning heart.

(2005)

DO·BIMA

Chananga do·bima
Mangchikkingni ama,
Jako kam donga.
Droke ka·sine,
Ja·kua gaorae.

Da·alde, ja·kurang cheng·a.
Indiba kimkimbata,
Drokaba knatobata;
Maina uko duula,
Do·bisa chonchona.

Ki·me grang songdoa,
Wa' chakna nangoa,
Ma·ani kamtangko dakna.
Mikron wa·sae
Tol·mikana seng·e.

Do·bima sutota
Jo·ong mila mila,
Un' neng·gipa rim·na.
Sutina cha·tona
Wagam gri bi·sana.

Chona bisem ge·anti,
Sikchenga ku·tangchi,
Nom·atna ku·chichi.
Chu·ongnike gisiko
Okama sa·dipilko.

Un' okba gojrona,
On·tisa cha·pana,
Indiba cha·ja ua.
Ku·sa cha·sekode
Ong·gen pap uade.

Ma·a drokaton changsa.
Do·bisarang tom·baa,
Chagrima noksikona.
Jeon donga cha·ani
Ma·an boli on·ani.

Sko gaora daka
Samsachi dokbengata
Gangbingbaa do·bipa.
Raijotangko nina
Be·en skako chu·sokatna.

Do·bipa cholon namgija,
Do·bimade unin, chanchia ua,
An·tang skako chu·sokatna.
Do·bima chake on·rongaia,
Do·bisa man·dapna.

Rasongtang mittele,
Do·bipa budie,
Cha·aniosa mikronde.
Ra·sekna miksonga,
Una ong·jaoba.

Jo·ong bitin ra·seka,
Bon·tok chon·tok cha·seka,
Oktang gapkujana.
Unikoa be·entangna
Chaa Do·bimana.

Do·bisarang bingbranga,
Katnamangba jamanga.

(2003)

THE MOTHER HEN

The pretty hen
Mother of ten
Has work at hand.
Clucks softly,
Walks proudly.

Today, her steps are lighter,
But much firmer
Cluck is sweeter;
For spread around her,
Are chicks tender.

Back plumes ready
To form a shield, if need be;
To do a mother's duty.
Eyes alert fully,
Against acts of treachery.

The mother does peck
At the worms fat,
Difficult to catch.
Breaks to chewable bits
For her toothless chicks.

Each small bit
First goes to its beak,
To soften it.
Then satisfied at the food,
She clucks for her brood.

Growls her empty belly
For a share tiny,
But No, says she.
Sin it will be to catch
Even a morsel to snatch.

The first cluck of Mother
The chicks all gather,
Crowding in a corner,
Where the grub lies
The mother's sacrifice.

The arrogant head,
To one side tilted,
The cocky cock strutted,
To survey his fiefdom
And pick his victim.

The lecherous cock thinks
The mother hen is his
To cater to his needs.
Usually she submits
To produce more chicks.

Thanking his luck
Schemes the cock
With eyes on the grub,
Ready to snatch
Food for him not meant.

On the worm-bits, he falls
The whole lot he swallows,
So long his belly allows.
He, for his lust then,
Falls on the mother hen.

The chicks in disarray,
Fail even to run away.

(2003)

PADOT DO·BIPA

Da·nang Do·bimade
San' sam·dikona
Jal·ikming kapna,
Manden' okko gapatna.
Bi·sarangde ma·brangjok
Sa·dipilde gugrajok.

Do·bisarang ma·gri,
Ong·aignok aal gri;
Granga chapakuja,
Nanggnok sina.
Gri ganggopani
Ong·gnok do·rengni cha·ani.

Pring seng·baa,
Do·bisarang chipchipa;
U' rang nia Do·bipako
Ka·donge mepringko.
Gok·a·rek·gok,
Da·o maiko dakgnok !

Do·bisarang kata Do·bipachi
Gisikako droka pote,
Bachianjok amade,
Apasanjok ianode.
Cha·aniko ka·donge
Senga sa·dipilde.

Bisemrangko sutote,
Jo·ongrangko ga·brite,
Sutina chonchone
Mikkang mikskime.
Unikoa gokareka,
Man·pajae drokna.

Oktangnade chanchija
Man·a dipet chakchika;
Un miksongania
Dedrangkosa okkaatna.

Cha·panaka gitcho
Dedrang okkatokmano.

Sa·metra chenggangbaa
Kimilrang chi·jenga;
Ku·siktangko gitchokata,
Mikronkora gisimata.
Juta ja·si bang·a
Uko changroata.

Gaoragipa do·bipa
Cholontang dim·demata.
Da·nang bidalingde,
Magnajok taripaade.
Sengpaa chol ra·na
An·tangko niatana.

Da·alde gri uo, dengguani
Japjapronggipa uni.
Dedrangon chu·ongnika
Dal·atna mangsongpaa.
Secondsaba dongja
Pal·ap sa·metrana.

Dedrangko aldua Do·bimasa,
Jeo cha·ani donga, unona dila.
Do·bipade bon·aia balsele,
Sa·metra nitokalako nie.
Da·ode nibo, golpooniko,
Badita guala, an·ching chanchiao.

(2003)

THE FATHER COCK

Mother Hen dearie
Now someone's recipe
To cook with chilli
To fill man's belly.
The chicks now stranded,
Brood nearly disbanded.

The chicks motherless
Will all go grub-less;
With no feathers to fly,
They are sure to die.
With none to protect them
They'll be prey to raven.

The morning peeps
The chicks' cheep cheeps;
At the cock, the chicks look
For their morning food.
Cock-a-doodle-do.
What I'm going to do!

Chicks run to the cock
Mistaking crow for a cluck.
Mother hen is nowhere
Only Papa is here.
Expecting the food,
Eagerly waits the brood.

He beaks out the crumbs,
He claws out the worms;
To bits, he breaks them down
With inscrutable frown.
Then he cock-a-doodle-doed,
Not knowing how cluck he should.

Not a morsel for self
As long as he can help;
His only intention is,
To feed the hungry chicks.
Left-overs eat he will,
After chicks had their fill.

The young hen stands erect
Her plumes all scented
Beak brightly reddened,
Eyes all kohl-ed.
Shoes multi-toed,
Adding to her height.

The proud father-cock
His lechery under lock;
The poor young hen
Her frumpery in vain;
Waits for her chance
To attract his glance.



Today, no lust in him,
For his regular victim;
Contented in his offspring,
Intent on their upbringing;
Not to spare a second,
For the flirty young hen.

Chicks, the mother-hen feeds
Where grub is, there she leads;
The cock flirts for ever,
With hens much younger.
Now learn from this story,
How wrong can we be.

2003)

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